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for the sixth issue in the 29th Volume of the Omen on November the twenty-sixth in 2007, the year of our Lord.

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TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Lindsay Barbieri, Merrill B103, Box 0542, lkb06@hampshire.edu

"The Omen editorship is an STD."
- Stephen Morton on Omen rites of passage

Front Cover:

Tara Jacob

Back Cover:

Athena Currier



Volume 29 • Issue 6

October 26th, 2007

Jacob Lefton

Lindsay Barbieri

Stephen Morton

Evan Silberman

Tara Jacob

Dina Jacir

This is SPARTAAA!!one!!

The Hamster Dance

Duckroll

Yu-gi-oh! Abridged

Lonely girl 15

lolcats!

omen.hampshire.edu

Jacob Lefton

Editorial

Notes of the Report From the Accreditation Team

Today, my editorial is the transcription of my notes from the report back of the Reaccreditation Committee that came at the beginning of November. Every ten years, Hampshire College must get reaccredited under the standards set by NEASC, which is some sort of governance body for colleges.

Understand that everything in this report is the opinion and observations of outside evaluators, and was presented by James Jones, president of Trinity College. It does not necessarily represent the opinions of any Hampshire students, staff, administrators, or faculty.

There are some very important points in this presentation. Understand that I am coming from a position of leadership of the student body, so I paid closer attention to notes that I think pertain to the students and student rights.

President Jones basically read through an outline of the report, by standard. There are eleven standards, and each standard was organized into strengths, concerns, and weaknesses.

The theme of this report he said, is, "Whatever it

POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously

damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



Editorial Chair Elect:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



Hating on The Omen... and everyone.

by Mike Doyle

Listen here, ass-faces. I'm writing to inform you all of the gross and horrible fucking hippo-cratic practices of the so-called 'forum' that is of free speech or whatever' that is the Omen. The Omen is a fucking hate rag. It is a metaphor for the 2000 Presidential Election. It is more cruel and malicious than the time Homer and Flanders broke the wishbone, and Homer wished that the Lefforium would fail, and then it did. The Omen is Homer and I'm Flanders. They are being royal assholes.

I submitted an entry to the Erotica competition. It was the best thing anyone has ever written. It made Catcher in the Rye look retarded. I submitted it in advance. Twice. And I made sure they got a hard copy too. Yet it wasn't published alongside the far more inferior pieces of shit.

Such flagrant fascism is hardly fitting of a publication attached to Hampshire College, a school which was recently named 2nd best liberal arts school in the country by the Princeton Review. We are in the spotlight, people. Now is not the time to be fucking up. You all need haircuts, shoe shines, and a fucking attitude adjustment. Stop complaining about Public Safety "taking away your rights" and shit. Maybe if you all weren't smoking weed and doing lines of coke off each other's genitalia, they wouldn't have to tell you to

stop. Ever think of that, you Donnie Darko wannabe mother fuckers?

You people are such miserable ingrates. You say stuff like, "Oh, let's have free speech," and "Blah, animals are for loving, not for testing makeup." I'll agree, dogs look stupid when you dress them up like people. Frankly, the only kind of testing I support with animals is taste-testing. That's a joke. But you're all too busy with a stick up your ass, suppressing my free speech to think it's funny.

I will not rest until my Erotica submission is published in bold typeface, along with an official apology from everyone at the Omen where they take full responsibility for neglecting to publish my erotica. After that, I demand that my Erotica submission is printed in every Omen in paragraph long installments. Let me spell this out for you, since you guys clearly don't know how to handle my brilliance. The next issue of the Omen will have "Erotico!" by Mike Doyle and an apology. Starting with the next Omen after that, "Erotico!" will be re-printed in paragraph installments. Do you get it? Do I have to make it any clearer? You fucking hippies. I hope you all get bird flu.

Love, Mike



SECTION HATE

We hate so
you don't
have to.

Beware of Poorly Presented Data

by Evan Silberman

The previous issue of the Omen presented a summary of some results from the Wabash National Study of Liberal Arts Education. While publishing in the Omen made the survey results easily available, the data in the report were poorly presented. For almost every survey metric, the results were presented as Hampshire's ordinal position in the ranking of 11 peer institutions. This is an almost useless way of presenting survey data.

Let us consider two survey questions where Hampshire was ranked last (we will pretend that there were five colleges in our group to save some space): "Course goals and requirements are clearly explained" (A) and "I have developed close and personal relationships with other students." (B) If we take these rankings at face value, we will believe that Hampshire faculty don't know what they want from us and Hampshire kids hate other people.

But now let us pretend we actually have the percentage data for each college's response to the same questions (this is made up data):

	A	B
1	99%	50%
2	75%	49%
3	68%	48%
4	66%	47%
5	30%	46%

Now, even though Hampshire is last in both instances, the actual meaning of the ranking is wildly different in each case. On question A, Hampshire clearly is outperformed by the other four colleges. Yet on question B, the difference between Hampshire and whichever college is number 1 is probably within the margin of error (which we don't have, because this is made-up data). I know there's a more complete summary of the study available somewhere, but the ordinal scales used in Omen 29-5 provide little meaningful information.



The Omen sheep admits to making mistakes...



Errata from The Omen Volume 29, Issue 5

"I Have Become Concerned With the Future of Hampshire College" by Dani Slabaugh was a draft intended for revisions. It should not have been published, and the actual piece will be published in the Climax.

"A Series of Photos from Community Council's Website" by Sarah Weiss should have been dated October 23rd, 2007. The series should have been titled "Dear Community Council, Is There No Reporter, or Nothing to Report?" Yes, the Community Council pages were blank as of the middle of this semester.

"Erotico!" Submitted by Athena Currier and dictated by Mike Doyle was not printed and should have appeared as a submission to the erotic stories contest.



...but refuses to apologize for them.

SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

Sodexho

Submitted by John Kennedy
press release from Sodexho

GAITHERSBURG, Md., November 5, 2007 — In a move to enhance its leadership in sustainability and corporate citizenship, Sodexho, Inc. today announced the appointment of Arlin Wasserman as the company's Vice President for Corporate Citizenship. Wasserman is a Kellogg Foundation Food and Society Policy Fellow and has served as the Policy Director for the Michigan Land Use Institute, among other distinctions.

Wasserman will work with Sodexho's North America senior management team and external constituencies to develop and implement strategies that promote Sodexho's leadership in and priorities for corporate citizenship. He will drive associated initiatives in North America, focusing especially on food-related and environmental programs. He will also serve as the company-wide coordinator for positioning and outreach related to employee quality of life, workforce diversity, ethics, core values and sustainability programs, in conjunction with Sodexho's management team members.

"Together with our clients and customers, we're on a continuing and determined path to reduce the impact of waste on our earth and environment, provide nutritious food and support local economies, conduct our business ethically, take care of our employees respectfully and give them opportunities to

grow, give back to the communities we serve and be a positive force for social change. We welcome Arlin's considerable experience and reputation in this space to help us expand our leadership in these areas," said Sodexho, Inc. President and CEO George Chavel.

Wasserman's impressive background includes leading the consultancy firm, Changing Tastes, where he provided insights and expertise to Fortune 100 and nonprofit organizations on issues related to community development, food and the environment. He has served as an advisor to many policymaking and leadership organizations, including the U.S. Department of Agriculture and state agencies. He was a member of the State of Michigan Cardiovascular Health and Active Living by Design task forces, as well as a member of the Michigan state Pollution Prevention Strategy and Implementation Committee.

Wasserman will report to Sodexho Senior Vice President for Strategic Marketing, Michael Montelongo, focusing on North America initiatives that contribute to Sodexho's global corporate citizenship imperatives. "Sodexho's mission is to improve the quality of daily life; it's all about growing the company and making every day a better day for everyone we serve," said Montelongo. "As the premier outsourcing company for quality of life services in integrated food and facilities management,

we're taking a great brand and making it even better by accelerating our corporate citizenship initiatives. Everyone in the Sodexho family is pleased that Arlin has joined us to help make that happen."

Sodexho has been included in the Dow Jones Sustainability Index, World Index, and STOXX Sustainability Index for three consecutive years. This year, Dow Jones also recognized the company as a supersector worldwide leader on sustainability. The company's corporate citizenship priorities include fighting hunger and malnutrition, improving the quality of life of those served and protecting the environment. Sodexho's food and environmental platform in North America focuses on sourcing and providing locally grown foods, improving nutrition, promoting local economies, energy conservation and carbon reduction, reducing the use of toxic chemicals, integrated waste management and minimizing packaging.

Sodexho, Inc. (www.sodexhoUSA.com) is the leading provider of integrated food and facilities management services in the U.S., Canada and Mexico, with \$7.3 billion (USD) in annual revenue and 125,000 employees, who operate in an ethical business environment where diversity and inclusion are central, and in workplaces designed to foster health and wellbeing. Sodexho serves more than ten million customers daily in corporations, health care, long term care and retirement centers, schools, college campuses, government and remote sites. Sodexho, Inc., headquartered in Gaithersburg, Md., is a subsidiary of Sodexho Alliance (www.sodexho.com). Sodexho, Inc. funds the Sodexho Foundation (www.helpstophunger.org), an independent charitable organization that, since its founding in 1999, has made more than \$9.2 million in grants to fight hunger in America.



Jason Webley

Professor Science

Circus Folk Unite

December 1st 2007
8:00-11:00
Back Room of Saga

Open Letter to PWTOTAOMWTSITTFCLDW

by David Mansfield

An Open Letter to the People Who Take Out Their Anger on Me When the Stapler in the Third Floor Computer Lab Doesn't Work

Sirs and Madams:

I would like to address a grievance. Since part of my job as third floor computer lab monitor is to address yours (primarily in relations to you not knowing how to use the printer), I feel that this request is fair.

I am well aware that the stapler affixed to my desk jams frequently and does not work well when handling large loads of paper. While the stapler has always met my stapling needs, I understand that it might not work for you. Different strokes, as they say.

Unfortunately, you seem unable to adopt this attitude, and thus my woes begin. You see, while I, a minimum-wage earning student worker, have been here for one month, the stapler has been here for years. I therefore find it puzzling that you, in a rage over not being able to staple the pages of your essay together, feel the need to take out your anger on me.

Just last week you slid a stack of thirty or so pages into the mouth of the stapler and, surprised when it would not bind them, looked expectantly at me. "Sorry," I said genuinely, "it doesn't handle large stacks of paper very well." Rather than a "thanks anyway," or even a "where can I find a working stapler?" you responded with a fiery look of malice and the declaration that you "hate[ed] the f---ing stapler" and would "destroy it." You would "throw it out the f---ing window," you continued. You then shook a fist at me and stormed away.

Firstly, I am confused by this threat, since the window you indicated does not open. Did you plan to break the window? Or perhaps you just gestured at this specific window symbolically, and were actually planning on carrying the stapler to a different, hinged, window on this floor and doing the deed there. Unsure of whether to be frightened or unimpressed, I defaulted to frightened. This fear caused significant strain on my already fragile emotional state.

Secondly, I feel that speaking to me in such anger and making a fist – a universal sign of violence – was somewhat uncalled for. I am not the stapler. I am not the one who bought the stapler. I am not even in a position to buy new staplers for the library, whose budget is spread thin as it is. Would that I were! Believe me, if I had the money and authority, there would be a shiny, industrial strength stapler superglued to every conceivable surface in this library. This is, however, not the case. Perhaps you weren't aware of this, but I still feel that your potentially destructive threats were unwarranted.

Do you know what I did as soon as I got to work this morning? I spent 15 minutes un-jamming the stapler, which would not perform due to an oversized staple wedged infuriatingly in its jaws. In the process of removing the staple my finger was pricked, and the pen I later used to pry the staple out was ruined. Did I do this because I needed to staple a personal document? No. I did it for you.

Then another one of you came in. After several minutes of trying to staple your novel, I helpfully interjected that you might have better luck trying one of the several staplers downstairs. My helpful smile was extinguished when you cut back with a sardonic, "Yeah, Maybe," and stormed off. I can't help but think that this was something of an overreaction. The staplers I suggested are on your way out, assuming you were planning on taking the stairs or elevator. Perhaps I am being unfair, and you were planning on exiting through this other window of which I seem to be unaware, and flying away using your enormous, leathery black wings. If this is in fact the case, I apologize.

Come on, People Who Take Out Their Anger on Me When the Stapler in the Third Floor Computer Lab Doesn't Work. We're all trying to do the best we can with this stapler, myself included. I'm not the monster here. The stapler is. Either that or you.

Sincerely,
David Mansfield



The Mime's Story

To preface: This is a story told by Lindsay, Josh G., Tal, Dina and Flarnie during the last "Games Night" written down by Flarnie.

mime sets out to try and recover his lost identity.

Continuing down the road, the mime encounters two young travelers who are engaged in a fight next to a nameless grave. As he watches the two fight, the mime feels the need to help the two resolve their conflict. In this welling of empathy, the mime discovers that he is the kind and peaceful type. He pries the two travelers apart and, surprised, they both ask "Well who are you?" The mime says nothing, but begins to make gestures, cupping his ear and pointing to the two men.

"I think... maybe he wants to listen to us?" says one young man, and the other says "Well, why not? I can explain my side of the story, it's simple enough to see that I'm right."

"Hold on, I'll go first and he'll see the truth of the matter." interjects the first young man, and then he continues "I was traveling around these parts when I heard that my dear father had passed away, so naturally I came home to mourn him. I assume he died a penniless man, for times are hard in my home town, so when I found this unmarked grave I knew that it was where they buried my dear Papa! I was just leaving him some flowers when this guy butted in!"

"That's right, because you've got the wrong grave!" added the other man angrily. "This is where they buried my mother, who also died penniless this past year!" The mime, who had been sitting patiently and stroking an invisible beard, suddenly sprang into action. He pointed to each man in turn, and then drew a diagram of 7 days in the sand. For each day he pointed to one man, alternating, and then when he reached the last day he crossed his arms, waiting for their response. The two travelers agreed to take turns, and the mime continued happily on his way, having learned more about himself.

After several days journey and frequent street performances to earn his way, the mime reached a desolate part of the road. Settling down for the night under starry skies, he felt drawn to one particular place where there was a large hole in the ground.

>> Section Speak <<

Leaning over it, he wondered if it was a safe place to snuggle in for the night. The hole was deep and dark, and as he crawled fearlessly into the dark the mime discovered his love of adventure. When he reached the bottom there was a large stone well in the center of the floor. Not only was this stone well oddly placed, being at the bottom of a cave-shaft, but it was emanating light. The mime peered over the edge of the well, and he was just about to draw some water when a deep, echoing, gravelly voice boomed "Who disturbs the slumber of the Elders?" The mime jumped back, and was shaking in his boots. His fear was doubled by the fact that he could not answer the ominous voice, and tripled when the question was repeated with insistence; "Who disturbs the slumber of the Elders?". The problem was worsened by the fact that, even if speaking were in the mime's nature, he had no name by which to identify himself to the voice. Despite his fear, a small thought began to form in his mind. Was it chance that he had found this well? He wondered if this was somehow connected to his lack of self, if perhaps some of the answers he sought were at the bottom of this glowing well. After all, for all he knew he himself had come from the well. Biting back his doubts and his common sense, the mime clung to the bucket and slowly lowered himself down the well, towards the dim light.

As he inched down, the gravelly voice seemed to surround him, and he sensed some sound or energy coming from the stone walls of the well itself. However, he couldn't fully understand the meaning of these radiations, not being well versed in the speech of walls. The voice continued to ask "Who disturbs the slumber of the Elders? WHO disturbs the slumber of the elders?" right up until he reached the bottom of the well. The bottom of the well was a hole in the ceiling of a large chamber filled with piles of treasure. After marveling at the riches, the mime realizes his options are few. The bucket has reached the bottom of the well, and there is nobody at the top to draw him back up. The prospect of climbing all the way back up on a thin, bristly rope seems less appealing than exploring this room full of treasure. He sees mountains of gold coins, gems of every type, platinum and silver ornaments, exotic instruments, colorful rugs and silken tapestries and

flags hanging on ivory and ebony staffs, etc. etc. For those who have heard the tale of Aladdin, the obvious thing to do in a chamber of wondrous treasure would be to avoid touching anything. Luckily, the mime had no more memory of that story than he did of himself, so he began to climb over the mountains of treasure in search of an escape. Finding one wall of the large space, our hero notices a tiny, unobtrusive door. This door is very unofficial looking, he imagines that it is the entrance for the maintenance crew rather than the front door to this glamorous treasure hall. Opening the door, he sees a long, narrow tunnel that seems to absorb all light. The mime's fear returns, and though he has little choice but to push on, the idea of leaving the well-lit room full of treasure and entering a dark crawl-space has no appeal for him. Just then, from inside this hole in the wall, the mime hears a tiny voice. This voice is so small, he wonders if he really heard it at all. All it says is, "I know you." Somehow, this is comforting enough that the mime begins to crawl down the long tunnel.

At first, silence and darkness envelope our protagonist and his doubts resurface as he loses all sense of time and distance. Then, out of the silence, the mime begins to hear whispers of comfort. The tiny voice really is speaking to him, faintly, and every time he begins to lose heart the mime hears this voice calling him. "I know you.... I've always known you... and I love you..... I know who you are...." The warmth in the voice is real, and though the idea of faeries is something that the mime can barely remember, he thinks that this voice sounds like a faerie. It is an elusive sound, perhaps a girl or young boy, but it also sounds like the whisper of the wind and the ringing of tiny bells. At any rate, the mime finally sees something at the end of this tunnel. He emerges in a forest, but it is a forest that seems foreign and strange. The forest is populated not by trees, but by towering mushrooms. The sky is overcast and it is unclear what time of day it is. There is a smell in the air like storms and the ocean, but no water in sight. The mime walks slowly through this new place, and finds a small cottage. The cottage seems to be made of these mushroom plants, and the tiny voice that has been strengthening his heart and leading him all this way is coming from inside the cottage! He picks up speed and finally reaches the

>> Section Speak <<

source of this mystery.

The door opens to a round central room, just big enough for two. There is nothing around the perimeter, and in the center of the room is a stone sarcophagus. On this sarcophagus is a sword, a cauldron, and a small pebble. The pebble is the source of the tiny voice. The mime picks up this small, smooth stone and it chirps happily up to him; "You found me! I've waited so long, and I can tell you everything you want to know about your life if you follow my instructions. First, you must take the cauldron and the sword and go back to the room of treasures. In that room, use the sword to cut a door in the Eastern wall and enter the room you find. There you will confront the Elders who spoke to you in the well. After you confront them, you must gather treasure in the cauldron, but only take as much as the cauldron can hold! Then, bring the cauldron and the sword and put them, and me, (the pebble), on the lid of this sarcophagus. Then I will tell you everything."

The mime did everything as the pebble had instructed him. Ignoring hunger and fatigue, he crawled back through the tunnel, climbed over mountains of treasure, and hewed a door in the Eastern wall of the hall of treasure. Through this door was a room with row upon row of granite thrones, each seating an elderly but regal figure. The figures, seeing the mime, began to shout their thunderous question at him, "WHO DISTURBS THE SLUMBER OF THE ELDERS?" and the mime felt magic prickling in the air all around him. Then, the most regal and elderly of the figures stood up and waved for silence. He spoke, saying "You must be tested. Hear these three riddles, and we shall see whether you are fit to live: What is the sound of one hand clapping? What is the sound of a tree falling in a forest when there is nobody to listen to it? And why is a raven like a writing desk?" The mime stood silently, sweating. After a few tense moments, the cavern erupted in applause and cheers! "Bravo! You are the first in history! Congratulations!" The chief figure explained, "These riddles have no answer! You are the first to actually stay silent in response to our challenge! Go with our blessing." The mime then left, feeling their magic warming him and

giving him strength. He filled the cauldron to the brim with gold coins, jewels, chains and jewelry, silk scarves and drapery, fine stones and magic scrolls, a bit of everything he could see in the cave. Carefully leveling the collection off at the top of the cauldron, he hauled it back through the tunnel and the alien forest to the tiny cottage. As the mime placed the cauldron, the sword, and the tiny pebble on the top of the sarcophagus, the most beautiful singing filled his ears. The thing about the sound that truly filled him with joy was the familiarity of the voice. The lid of the stone coffin lifted, and a lovely young lady sat up and embraced him, whispering his true name in her ear. She then told him his entire life story, with tears of joy, ending with the horrible curse which had separated the two when they were young lovers and taken away his memory and voice. The alien forest no longer seemed so alien to the young man, and the two soon forgot their separation in the joy of their union and new home within the magical forest. They had a child, and the cauldron of treasure was always full, no matter how much of it they removed. Their child inherited the magic cauldron of treasure, and lived peacefully far away from anyone who would covet or steal his magic pot, his home, or his name.

THE END!



This week's highlights of subject titles for spam emails:

"Star Highway Pendulum Sandpaper Cappuccino Bathtub Swimming Pool"

"Stephanie's bulky erectile organ"

Calling For Story Submissions For a New Project!

by Brian Van Slyke

Hey there, ya'll. I hope you're doing fine.

I'm working on starting a new project called "Under The Weather: Stories By You And Me." It will essentially be an online zine/blog/etc. for fiction short stories that will also be printed. Here's the "about" for it:

Under The Weather is an attempt to collect fiction shorts by people who want to make their stories available for the world to read. These aren't stories we want to make money off of; they're simply works we put effort into and that we want to share because that's what we like to do and what we're good at: story telling. Hopefully in time these stories will be sorted together into compilations of different types, both online and in print.

Basically, this is a venue for smalltime folks to "publish" their work. It is initially starting as an online publication, but in time will hopefully come out with collections of short stories in both book and zine formats.

GUIDELINES FOR SUBMITTING:

Please send in an email a ".doc" or ".rtf" attachment of your short story(ies) to bdv06@hampshire.edu . In the actual email body, you can certainly tell anything

Shit found in a box in the Omen Office that we assume former editors left here:

A draft of NSNS from '03-'04

An impressive stapler

One box of 5000 staples, mostly full

A V-Day '05 note with a drawing of a cute boy, saying, "Simon, how we wish we lived in a polygamous society."

Love, Arpita + Marie"

Cassette tapes including:

Moxy Fruvous - Wood

you want to about yourself. But PLEASE include your full name and what name you want your story published under (if it's any different than your real name). Also, please include if you want your story only printed in the online format, the physical format, or both. And last but not least, please include the title of your story.

DEADLINES: There are none. This will be an ongoing project - things on the website will be published whenever there are new things available and things will be published in print whenever there are enough stories to make up a compilation.

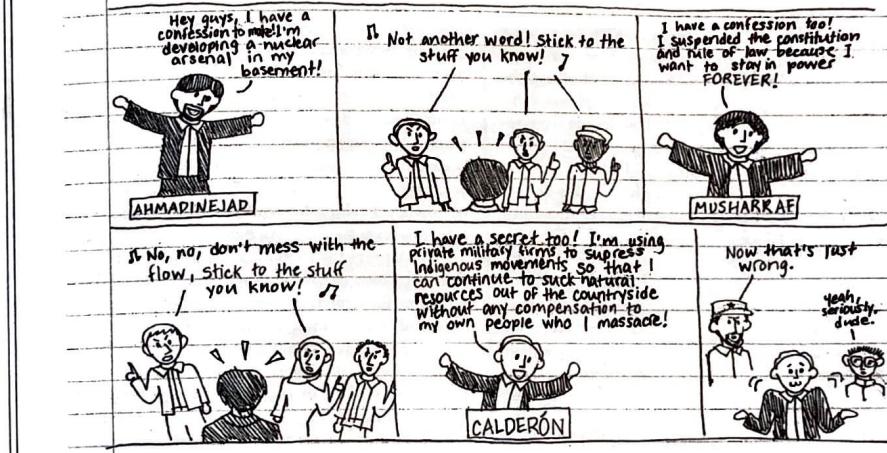
There will be no payment for stories used besides a few free copies of the zine/book/etc. that it's published in and the good feeling that comes with the knowledge that someone read the story you worked so hard on (we're not going to make any money off of this, so there's not going to be much money to spend).

Thanks a lot,
Brian

P.S. Please share this with people you know who might be interested. Thanks again!



ONE DAY IN THE U.N. CAFETERIA...



HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL 3: UNITED NATIONS
~Coming soon to Disney channel~

by Hannah Allen



shit continued...

Smashing Pumpkins - Twilight bootleg

Zanshin, tears, and pocket lint, for robyn

The Elbows - Naked; B side 'Gerbil Ransom Cookie'

King Missile - Mystical Shit

Pink Floyd - Dark Side of the Moon

Jayhawks - Tomorrow the Green Grass; B side 'Dylan - Highway 61 revisited'

Music to speed by

Jayhawks - Hollywood townhall (again); B side Beatles - some of Abbey Road

Beatles - White Album

The essential Jimi Hendrix

Run Lola Run soundtrack; Plaid - Peel Session

Tommy Thumbe's Pretti Song Book (for robyn)

Moxy Fruvous - You will got the moon

Rolling Stones

Ben folds 5 - naked baby pict.

one empty tape case

one 250mb zip disk

five 1.4mb floppy disks with Omen documents

nine CDs with Omen labels, some saying Volume 21 (F'03)

cardboard box with old Omen valentines, tacks, and one gold durex condom

1997 edition of the Merriam-Webster Dictionary

two yellowpage phonebooks

one highlighter

Security Cameras

by Stephen Morton

I think I have different feelings about the security cameras from most people on campus, in large part because I have different feelings and ideas about the nature and role of privacy from most people on campus, and most people in general. The debate over security cameras is, of course, by nature embedded in a broader debate over the nature and role of privacy. Security cameras occupy a special place in this debate due to their relation to institutional power dynamics and all the related issues.

I'd like to put aside issues which arise broadly within the realm of privacy here, and direct attention to the issues arising broadly within the realm of institutional power dynamics. I think that these are a set of issues which are not raised broadly enough within the discourse surrounding the security cameras. This is probably because privacy is, for most people, a more pressing issue and an issue which provokes a more visceral reaction. Be that as it may, I think that power structures should be of equal concern to Hampshire student especially, as well as an issue which should be clearly delineated from those of privacy.

The most obvious and egregious power dynamic to be addressed is that of directionality. If and when the security cameras go live, the default is for the video feeds to be accessible to those with institutional power. This is an issue inherent in all instances of surveillance. The nature of the activity separates and sets apart those with power from those without. This is not necessarily a fatal flaw, but rather an issue to be addressed. The available remedy is to include some element of sousveillance, observation-from-below, in with the surveillance, observation-from-above. We, as students, should push for student access to the video feeds and archives, possibly through an intranet interface, in order so that we can watch those in power watching us, so that we have access to the same resources, and we can approach the issue on equal footing.

There are implementation issues here, of course. Hampshire's intranet is awful, and the hope of them being able to implement well an interface for streaming video from cameras across campus seems fairly low.

Continued on Page 16...

>> Section Speak <<

For some, this proposal may serve to only strengthen their privacy concerns. I think this is mistaken: that privacy is already lost. This is only a matter of changing the availability of information which already exists in a manner beyond your control. If these cameras go into place, the information will be recorded, and it will be controlled by organizations and entities which are beyond our direct control. This is the fundamental loss of privacy. Pushing for student availability is only an attempt to level the playing field.

The intranet is perhaps the only workable medium through which to provide such access, because it allows access to be limited to the Hampshire community, real time, and anonymous. All three of these qualities are important to have. It must be limited to the Hampshire community because there is no reason for the information to go further in the name of leveling the power dynamics. It must be real time, because anything else is only picking at what is already filtered through the institution. It must be anonymous, because otherwise people who make the effort to be engaged with the information are subject to increased suspicion and monitoring, which is again indicative of entrenched and unilateral power dynamics.

Access to the archived video is also important, but is a more complicated issue. There exists a broader possibility for improper uses of the access with access to the archives, which should be weighed against. Without the archives, however, there remains a broad and important power imbalance, because access only to the live feeds makes the odds of catching things of importance relatively low. I think that access to the archives should be provided in some form, and are mostly in favor of unfettered, anonymous access. If this is an issue, however, some balance of limited accessibility and/or limited anonymity is possible.

The other issue which needs to be addressed is that of data retention. This is both an issue of privacy and power dynamics; the latter especially if students are not granted access to the archives. Simply put, it is important to have clearly defined policies for how long the archives will be maintained for. It must be long enough to al-

>> Section Speak <<

Erotico!

Submitted by Athena Currier, Dictated by Mike Doyle

This submission should have been included in the Erotica issue of The Omen. However, we believe that Erotica is good any time and should not be limited to just one issue, so we hope you enjoy it this issue! We hope you enjoy it so much it makes you want to have sex with circus people.

The year was 2012. His name was Rex Harrison. She was a trapeze artist.

When they first met, she was in the circus, barking for the bearded lady. Rex Harrison was a well-to-do sort of gent, not the type to be seen at a carnival.

Which is why he was wearing a disguise.

She was calling, "step right up, see the bearded lady!" Our darling Rexy heard her melodious voice, and was drawn to it.

It was like Cinderella and Romeo. He was the millionaire actor astronaut. And she was a struggling trapeze artist, barkin' for the bearded lady.

Their eyes met, and said "hello."

Now Rex was not supposed to be doing naughty things, but he had to have this lady-of-the-night. (For you see, she only trapezed at night.)

They retired to the horse pig stables.

She was taking off his suspender overalls when the mayor burst in with his ward. Rex Harrison proclaimed, "Oh no! The mayor! And his boy, the ward! I'd best leave."

Rexy darling ran out of the pig stable with his overall suspenders half undone. The lovers never saw each other again.

Fifteen years later they met in Morocco. Now 27 years old and the matron of a successful farm industry, Rex decided to invite the carnival under one of his many disguises. The trapezal woman was now running the big tent. Her 25-year-old bosoms commanded authority and respect.

Rex was instantly recognizable to the trapeze

woman—NOT by his famous movie star hair, but by his eyes—the ones she'd fallen in love with 15 to 20 years ago.

She said, "Baby! You're better than cake! And I remember you!" And he said, "I'm sorry, you must have me confused with the mailman. I'm just a matronly matriarch." And she said, "NO! I remember your overall suspenders. You're HIM. You're HE. You're that guy I almost did."

And Rex said, "Now that you've found me out, I guess all I can do is finish the job."

"Jeb?" she said.

And he said, "I meant to say job, and I'd hoped you wouldn't call attention to it."

She took off his overall suspenders the way she almost did 14 to 17 years ago, and she said, "Baby, you're in TECHNICOLOR, and we're flyin' now!"

And they did it. Like monkeys hopped up on PCP and shit. And it was so hot, their clothes got burned off, like fuckin' lava. And she said, "this shit's cerebral!" He looked into her eyes and said, "don't call me." And she said "why, why would you say that?" He replied with slick and suave and silky and smooth suggestion, "because, you're gonna be living here, and if you call, it'll just get a busy signal."

And they lived happily ever after. UNTIL they got eaten by timberwolves three weeks later.

But those were the best three weeks of their lives.



Jericha Senyak's Dear Hampshire, Could We Have Better Sex Please?

Volume 6: Written February 25th, 2007

I'm extremely uninspired this week. It depresses me when people come up to me in Saga to tell me that they've never gotten a handjob they enjoyed ("because I can always do it better!") or sit me down clandestinely in bedrooms to confess they're faking their orgasms, or confide to me in hallways that they've never given a blowjob despite having slept with a number of people because they've never been comfortable enough, or...

Look. Do me a favor. Don't get yourself into a sexual situation with someone if you're not comfortable enough to tell them the truth about exactly what you need. You hook up with some drunk biddy on a dark dance floor, don't come crying to me if she bites. You bang someone and have to fake it because they're just not doing it for you and you're not relaxed enough to say "hey, let's try this nifty little trick to get me off" I don't want to fucking hear about it! It's your own damn fault. If you're desperate enough to get laid that you're not willing to actually invest yourself in making the sex good for both of you, I really don't have anything to say to you. You're just being mindreaders. Obvious though it may seem, girls don't have dicks. Not only do they not have any general knowledge of how it feels to have a dick, they certainly don't have any specific knowledge of how it feels to have YOUR dick. Ergo, they do not automatically know what gets you off. I mean, there's some well-known generalities about the male organ that most girls can go on pretty safely. But hey, some guys like lube and some don't. Some guys like pressure and some can't handle it. Some guys are uncut and that's a whole new barrel of tricks. So how the fuck is she supposed to know how to please you if you don't tell her? And why the fuck should you tell her if she's not comfortable enough to ask? And the same, dear boys, goes for the ladies. I know girls who can't handle having their clitoris touched. I know girls who come in five minutes and girls who come in fifty. I know it may come as a shock to you, but that killer three-finger technique you picked up from that porno may not actually work on every single chick you

encounter. I have had a lot of terrible experiences with guys who assume they already know my body and start doing god knows what unpleasant tricks until I suggest an alternative method.

I mean, bodies are confusing things. There are not clear signs posted in tidy letters all over the genitals to guide your way. You have to ask, and you have to explain. And if you don't, and it sucks, you have no one to blame but yourself. And if you're in a weird uncomfortable situation where you don't feel like you CAN voice an opinion as to what you want done to you, what the hell made you think you were going to enjoy it in the first place?

You can reach Jericha with questions, comments, or concerns at jcs06@hampshire.edu



Security Cameras Continued

low for reasonable investigation of issues which arise, but no longer. Archives which are too short cripple the ability of pub safety to utilize the video cameras. Too long, and the latter end of the archives are no use to any reasonable investigation, making them useful only for abuses. It seems to me that somewhere around a year is a good length, perhaps purged on a semesterly basis. With the turnover at the school, the ability to use video in the process of investigating crimes which are over a year old seems to be negligible. Perhaps shorter would be better, perhaps longer, but this is an issue which needs to be raised and decided before the cameras go into place.



Accreditation Continued

Standard Three: Organization and Government

Our climate of reflection is pervasive in nature, and inclusive on all levels. It is a good thing that we recognize the need to revisit the Constitution because of inconsistencies between the document and the reality. Specifically, we need to revisit Community Council and Judicial Council.

A big concern is that we are heavily bureaucratic. There are way too many meetings.

The committee is concerned about our use of faculty time to review "all people" including all faculty files and student contracts.

They hope that the trustees will have better interpretations for and more explanations of our databases.

Furthermore, the committee thinks the Office of the Dean of Faculty should be reviewed and restructured. We need to move, they said, from a system of self-governance to shared governance.

Standard Four: Academics

They praised us on the national acclaim our academics have received. Specifically, they said that the Lemelson Center and Community Partnerships for Social Change were outstanding programs. Also, we were complimented for the 5-college consortium and our good use of narrative evaluations.

There was no evidence of appropriate use of data, as stated previously.

We should be particularly attentive to the Wabash study, and the committee was pleased that we understood that point.

The committee said proper assessment might indicate that the education at Hampshire isn't as successful as people want.

The committee asked us to consider seriously whether Div II and III are truly driven by student expectations or whether they are actually driven by faculty expectations.

Standard Five: Faculty

The Accreditation committee gives the faculty, especially those of the first and second generation who have stuck around, an A+ on commitment.

They praised the Center for New Teaching and

Learning. It is vital for pedagogical innovation here on campus.

They were concerned about a weakness of ours, the time commitment to non-scholarly work that we ask of faculty. This includes things like meetings, reviews, and reappointments.

Again, faculty need to move from self-governance to shared governance.

Standard Six: Students

President Jones said that students were definitively the best part of the school. The committee praised Admissions for doing a good job of finding the right students. They were impressed with our student of color and international student demographics. They said it is a good thing we are trying to tackle retention.

Jones seriously warned us to start planning now for "seismic demographic shifts," meaning that we should expect by 2012 a 17% decrease in students applying to colleges like Hampshire.

They said the Acting Dean of Students was "impressive" and "engaging well" with the community.

The committee found it "curious" that students at a small liberal arts college felt that their voices weren't being heard. It was behavior they would expect from a large university. They said, "it doesn't seem rational."

The committee said they shared our concern about binge drinking, and they agreed with us that it was a national crisis.

Again, they expressed real concern over the Wabash Study. It reflected what they heard.

Standard Seven: Library and Information Technologies

The committee said that the 5-College Consortium was a "huge plus," quoting a library worker who said it was a godsend, and, "what would we do without it?"

They said we had good library staff and "sufficient technology."

They understand that we have no solutions for our e-resources, but it is a problem.

They were concerned that the IT report had not been released and that governance documents were not in finished or in effect.

Other concerns included the lack of long-range support for grants, as well as a difficult acquisitions budget, which they described as a "roller coaster." They mentioned our distinct lack of stacks and our static budgets, as well as serious differed maintenance.

They said we have tough choices to make about computer replacement budgets, which have grown only 2% in the last ten years. This was equated to not repairing roof damage early—it just costs more in the end.

Standard Eight: Fiscal and Technical Resources

The committee praised us on our "Idyllic Campus."

The Five colleges are a great resource.

They're glad we are aware and working to compensate for our serious differed maintenance. Also, they're pleased we are taking the Sightlines Study of building efficiency seriously.

The committee is very concerned about our "grossly inefficient use of space," and they think it may be a contributing factor to our overcrowding. Our master plan is weak, they said, and we need a comprehensive facility plan. Campus space is widely inefficiently distributed.

Mark Spiro is a stellar appointment to the position of Vice President of Faculty.

Two hundred beds are in need of replacement, because of serious differed maintenance.

Unfortunately, we have no culture of philanthropy among alums. There is no bequest line, and no record of major gifts.

We need to figure out a cyclical way to replace our aging computer infrastructure.

The committee gave us high marks for remarkable improvements financially. Since 1997, we have gone from a \$30 to \$50 million market value, and our endowment has risen from \$15 to \$30 million in that period of time as well.

To our new depreciation reserve [money for maintenance], Jones said, "Thank God."

The committee was concerned about our lack of endowment, our low endowment per student, that we are so heavily dependent on student revenue, lack of employee benefits, absent of comprehensive and long-

term financial planning, differed maintenance, and lack of computing resources.

Standard Nine: For some reason my notebook has no notes on standard nine. There must have been an alien abduction during these five minutes of the presentation.

Standard Ten: Public Disclosure

The committee said the accuracy of our information is good. Our overview of admissions publications is timely. The new e-newsletter is a cheap and good alternative to print newsletters.

They were concerned that the Identity and Profile committee of the board of trustees had not hit its stride, though it is going in the right direction.

A big weakness is that our last market research was in 1997.

Standard Eleven: Integrity

No areas of concern. All the relative information is in the new student handbook. Our review of governance documents is good.

President Jones went on to say that Hampshire College is one of the most significant experiments in higher education. This report is structured to help the college figure out how to reinvent itself for a sustained future. He asked some important questions of us:

How is this college going to take its considerable assets in all areas and turn them into a sustainable entity?

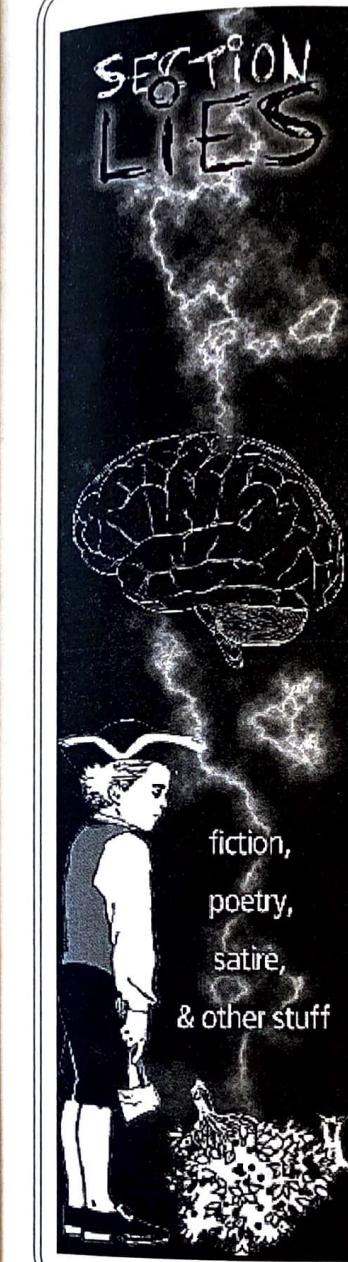
How shall we adopt best practices? We are trying to accomplish two contradictory goals:

1) to be faithful to our utopian mission (utopian was something that many Hampshire people said to the committee)

2) to protect that mission against the forces against us.

He is impressed with how we have sought to articulate this place. Our challenges are very great.

He reminds us that on page one of "Making of a College," (1966) Patterson and Longsworth quote Martin Meyerson who categorized Hampshire College with St. John's and Antioch College. He then reminded us that today, one of those colleges is questioning its fate.



David Mansfield is the author of four self-help books: *Babies Don't Like Everyone*, *Finding Connections In A Reclusive Society*, *Making Marriages Last*, and *The Great Big Book of Trains*. He currently lives in Amherst, Massachusetts with his wife and three kids. A professor at Hampshire College, he teaches classes solely about Roald Dahl's *Matilda*.

Dear David,

I'm a happily single career-driven person. I date now and then, but I'm not really me alone about giving her some grandchildren! It feels like every time we're together all she can think about is what she can say that will make me get married and have babies, whether it's reminding me of how old she's getting or pointing out how happy other grandparents look. How can I convince her that I'm not going to have kids until I'm good and ready? Mom Is Not A Grandma But Wants A Little One

Dear MINAGBWALO,

Firstly, try not to be too hard on your mother. After all, most of us will someday reach the point when we realize that our only legacy is the bloodline we leave behind. And remember, when I say "bloodline," I don't mean a literal line of blood on the floor leading from the kitchen where you accidentally cut yourself with a knife to the bathroom where you walked to get a band-aid, but there wasn't one in there so you went back into the kitchen and looked through all the cupboards before finally accepting that you didn't have any and walking to the store and buying some, but by then the cut had started to heal anyway, so you kind of wasted your money, but not really I guess because now you'll be better prepared for next time. No, I'm talking about children.

Consider your mother's point of view. She probably had some wonderful experiences with her grandmother as a child, and now the very real possibility of not being able to pass that experience on to another is frightening. Just imagine never having anyone to bake cookies for, to take to the museum, to let feel your wrinkly arms, or to eat your overcooked and unseasoned vegetables because they're good for you. Or having no one to forget and mistake for your sister who died in 1924, if your mother wants to be that kind of grandma. Maybe it's time you started thinking less about the welfare of yourself and future children, and started thinking more about your mother's nostalgic desires.

I suggest that you stop being so selfish and brew up a grandchild or two. If you don't like it, well, no one says you have to do it again. After all, if you don't, who's going to make your grandchildren? Not me, that's for sure. I have my own problems, lady.

That's all for this time. For more, visit the archives at davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com.



BEN IS IN MAINE

ATHENA
CURRIER

NOV
2007

GRAVEROBBINSMITH:
i want space money.

KRISTIANENERGIZE:
for battles?

GRAVEROBBINSMITH:
it's pretty.